

# Tristesse De La Lune, Poisoned Souls

Hide behind our words  
Trying to hurt us  
We don't want to see  
In what we don't believe

Try to touch reality  
And try to feel the earth  
We are these poisoned souls  
Don't understand

We were like  
Feathers in the wind  
Trying to become eternal  
But there is nothing  
we can reach for

Forget what once was  
There are no excuses